



BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

"Perfectly," Sanger answered coolly. "For two years you have me tied. After that we shall resume hostilities on an equal footing. You're a smart lawyer, Martin."

"And, by the way, Mr. Sanger," Martin added, "you will be surprised to learn that McAdoo did not bribe those delegates and knew nothing about it until weeks after the convention. You are now fighting an honest man."

"Indeed?" Sanger answered indifferently. "Good afternoon, Mr. Martin."

Thereafter newspaper discussion of the nomination was dropped.

When Bob was strong enough to be allowed to receive visitors Martin went to him and told him all these things. Bob listened without interrupting the flow of the tale.

At its conclusion he said simply, "You're a good friend, Martin." And Martin somehow felt very happy.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. McAdoo," he said after a moment's silence. "When Haggins told me that you hadn't known of the bribing I thought he was lying—until I had other evidence. I'm ashamed that—"

"Don't!" Martin thought he caught a note of pain in Bob's voice. "You had no reason to think me above it. I had done things as bad—or worse. My hands aren't very clean, Martin. And Haggins was my agent in the matter. He did it for me."

"Clean hands or not, Mr. McAdoo," Martin exclaimed impulsively, "I'd rather fight under you than under any other man in the country."

He went away wondering at the new McAdoo he had found.

Others, too, saw and wondered. For there was a new McAdoo indeed. The lesson had sunk deep. Kathleen, watching closely, in real dread lest with returning strength the old spirit should return, saw that the change was complete and permanent. The old Bob, arrogant, self-aggrandizing, hard, lay dead amid the fragments of his shattered self. Something more Kathleen saw—that he bore the burden of a profound sorrow and shame.

None the less, however, his old certainty and forcefulness remained with him, as his enemies soon discovered.

And his was no easy task, to keep his people's interest in him and his work at effective heat. He had need of popular support. The old corrupt methods were forever discarded.

His enemies had much material with which to work. Although he had been elected, they had succeeded in electing a slight majority in the city council. Their forces were carefully organized to fight him. Yet the advantage was all with Bob, for Sanger's ring, bound only by the ties of self-interest, must needs foster many corrupt measures in the city's legislature. Bob, looking only to the people's needs, was free to veto these measures. Each successive election saw his organization, both in his party and in the city government, become stronger.

Nor were Bob's political activities confined to the Steel City. Murchell, although he amazed his friends and physicians by the tenacity with which he held on to life, grew steadily weaker. Under his guidance Bob and Dunmeade together fought against the railroad steel interests, with whom the open break had at last come. It was a tremendous struggle that stirred the commonwealth to its uttermost limits.

Bob's part in the state campaign took him often to the capital, where he was received frankly into the beautiful home life of the governor's family.

Sometimes he found himself alone with Mrs. Dunmeade. From her he received his only news of Eleanor Gilbert during all those long months.

"You have Mrs. Gilbert's address?" he asked abruptly one evening when, after a long conference, they had induced him to remain overnight at the capital.

"Yes. She is in New York doing settlement work. From her letters I know that in her work, the first real work she has ever had, even though it is small, she is happier than ever before."

"I'm glad she is happy. Will you write to her," he added immediately, "that we have found no trace of Paul Remington, but that I am still searching?" Mrs. Dunmeade did not ask why he himself should not write.

This was just before the famous "gas franchise war," which finally gave Bob's enemies into his hands. The Steel City's homes were dependent for heat upon natural gas, supplied by a company operating under an exclusive franchise from the city. This franchise provided for an extortionate maximum charge, the enforcement of which had worked great hardship on the consumers. But when the McAdoo administration was a year old the monopoly's rights had almost expired and an extension under the old terms was demanded by the gas company.

Bob immediately in a private message declared that he would oppose the extension unless it provided for a reasonable rate to the consumer. His message was hailed with huzzas by the long suffering public.

MacPherson led the fight for the ordinance. His genius for corruption, never so shamefully brilliant, was given free play. The measure passed both houses of councils.

When it was presented to Bob for approval he vetoed it with a clear explanation of his reasons for so doing.

The bill was reintroduced into councils in the hope of securing the two-thirds majority necessary to pass it over the mayor's veto.

The councilmen found themselves between two hot fires. On the one hand was MacPherson, and the mayor saw more than one supposedly staunch follower caught in his enemy's net. On the other hand was Bob—with the people awakened to a fury of indignation.

The tale is told that during the night and day preceding the final reading of the ordinance MacPherson kept his councilmen secretly locked together in an obscure hotel, away from the influence of the crowds. On the hour of the council's meeting they were rushed by MacPherson in person.

When they reached the council chambers those renegades must have trembled. Every available inch of space in the spectators' gallery was packed by indignant citizens. Over the gallery—a significant fact!—hung ropes, each with a noose tied at its dangling end. MacPherson's glare could not stay the panic in his creature's hearts. He was a bold man, indeed, who would vote for the ordinance that night.

And into the chamber they saw Bob walk. From the gallery came one hoarse shout, still instantly by his raised hand. Straight to MacPherson, standing at one side, where he could watch the proceedings, Bob strode.

"Get out of this chamber!" It was Bob who spoke in a quiet, repressed tone which nevertheless carried a threat.

MacPherson sneered. "I have the right to be here."

"Get out of this chamber!" This time the voice rang through the silence of the crowded hall.

"I'll stay here until I'm good and ready to leave, Bob McAdoo!"

"MacPherson"—Bob pointed to the crowded gallery—"you see that crowd!"

MacPherson sneered. "I have the right to be here."

"Get out of this chamber!" This time the voice rang through the silence of the crowded hall.

"I'll stay here until I'm good and ready to leave, Bob McAdoo!"

"MacPherson"—Bob pointed to the crowded gallery—"you see that crowd!"

MacPherson sneered. "I have the right to be here."

"Get out of this chamber!" This time the voice rang through the silence of the crowded hall.

"I'll stay here until I'm good and ready to leave, Bob McAdoo!"

"MacPherson"—Bob pointed to the crowded gallery—"you see that crowd!"

MacPherson sneered. "I have the right to be here."

"Get out of this chamber!" This time the voice rang through the silence of the crowded hall.

"I'll stay here until I'm good and ready to leave, Bob McAdoo!"

"MacPherson"—Bob pointed to the crowded gallery—"you see that crowd!"

MacPherson sneered. "I have the right to be here."

"Get out of this chamber!" This time the voice rang through the silence of the crowded hall.

traced before his home and entered him as the next governor.

The cheering thousands marched on, leaving the quiet street to return to its wonted dingy calm. Kathleen, proud and rejoicing, sought Bob in his library. The man in whose honor a great city had made holiday sat before the fire in an attitude of complete dejection.

"Bob," she cried tremulously, "what is it?"

"Nothing, Kathleen," he said in a tired voice—"nothing that matters much. I haven't meant to trouble you with my moods."

"And tonight, with all these people showing you their love and pride in you—when you have deserted it so well—when you should be only proud and happy—I find you here—so!" Her voice almost broke.

"Don't!" He shrank from her praise as he never shrank from a physical blow. "That's what hurts tonight. I have not deserved their kindness. I have done so little—nothing!"

"Nothing!" It means nothing to you to have stood between nearly a million people and injustice?"

"But I didn't do that," he insisted, with weary patience. "What has been done the people did themselves. All I did was to veto a bill any clever politician would have vetoed as a matter of policy and to pull off a shallow, theatrical trick that, after all, probably wasn't necessary. They forget all the evil and remember only the little good. But I can't. And tonight they have made me feel small and mean."

"Small and mean! Bob, will you never learn to know yourself? I—her voice broke in a little laugh that was near to tears—"I'd like to shake you!"

He smiled. "I wish you would, Kathleen. That's the only way I can learn. It seems, by having the truth shaken, pounded, into me."

Tears came to her eyes. "Ah, don't think I don't know what this long year has been to you!" she said pityingly. "You were always cruel to yourself, driving yourself mercilessly. Haven't I seen your heartache? I know how you have counted on finding Paul and making his life and how bitter the disappointment has been. And," she rushed on, though she knew his soul was writhing at being thus laid bare, "I know about her. Bob, give over your self-inflicted punishment. Go to her and take happiness—for both of you."

"Not that," he said sternly. She knew that the sternness was for the love within him that would not die. "That can never be."

"But it can be. She loves you."

"Do you suppose I could seek happiness while Paul Remington's life is spoiled because I drove him into temptations he couldn't resist? I might have made him strong, a good man, but never by word or act did I teach him anything but selfishness and hypocrisy. If I were to shirk my punishment I'd be a contemptible coward. My punishment is just—exactly the penalty a just God would devise. I'm not whining."

"You poor, elemental child!" she exclaimed pityingly. "What are you—what is any of us—in God's scheme of things that our punishment should be so important?"

Bob looked at her, even in his fanatical self-torture started by the new thought.

She rose to leave him. "Duty ought to mean happiness, and you get nothing but a useless misery out of it. I thought you had found yourself. But you haven't. You have still one lesson to learn—faith. If I had not faith I shouldn't want to live. I couldn't be happy."

"Yes; you are happy. And yet," he said slowly—"and yet I have sometimes fancied that you have had your heartache."

"Yes; I am happy," she said, and her face glowed. "I am happy. I'd hate to be so small as to be unhappy merely because God hasn't arranged everything to my liking."

She left him.

"If only I could find him—if only I could find him!" he cried to himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRODIGAL.

A WESTBOUND express train was rattling down the mountains. It was early spring even among the hills. A man on the train, dividing his attention between the panorama without and the fretful child on his knee, to his surprise discovered in a flickering inward glow a feeble response to the life without. He was going home, with fear and little hope in his heart, yet he caught himself counting the mileposts with growing eagerness as the train swung around the hills.

"The eternal witchery of spring," he murmured to himself, "filling our hearts with life and hope—false hope sometimes."

The train stopped. A newsboy came aboard, crying the evening papers. A passenger who occupied the seat in front of the man with the child bought one.

"I see Murchell's dying," he remarked to his neighbor across the aisle. "A big loss to this state!"

"Not so big as if we didn't have McAdoo," returned the other.

"That's true. They're turning their guns on him already too. Revived that old nomination story. For my part I don't believe it."

"I do believe it, but I don't care. I'd have done the same under the circumstances. A lot of people will care, though. Funny about us Americans—the occasional slip up of a good man cuts a bigger figure with us than the continual crimes of a really dishonest one. He'll be governor, though."

The train started, and the man with the child lost the answer. He shrank back in his chair. "How can I go back?"

How can they let me? I too, keep my courage alive!"

When the train stopped he alighted, quaking inwardly. He took a cab, fearing the curious eyes of the street car passengers. He need not have feared. The people of that city had long since cast him out of their memories.

They turned into a familiar, quiet street. The prodigal's limbs were shaking so that he could hardly hold the child. His heart beat painfully. Wild thoughts of leaving the baby on the doorstep and fleeing rushed through his brain. The cab stopped. The passenger, shivering, got out.

He walked slowly up the gravel path leading to the porch. He could see into the brightly lighted library. He knew every little detail of that room. He remembered that once in that room he had sworn to be true whatever might come.

To the long French window came a woman, her figure silhouetted against the bright light of the lamps. He recognized Kathleen. She was looking out at him.

She opened the door, gazing gravely at the bearded, sorrow-faced man who stared at her strangely.

"Do you wish to see Mr. McAdoo? He's out of the city just now."

"Kathleen!" he cried in a strange, croaking voice. "Don't you know me?"

"Paul!" Doubt, amazement, joy, voiced themselves in the word, and welcome shone in her eyes as a harbor light to the storm-driven seafarer.

"I bring you a responsibility, Kathleen," he held out the child.

"We welcome responsibilities here," she answered happily. She held out her arms for the baby.

"Wait! She is my sister's child. Her father's name I don't know. She has no right to be in the world. She is cursed from her birth. Will you take her?"

"All the more for that reason!" She took the child from him, cuddling it close to her heart.

"Come in, Paul! Don't stand there! Don't you know you have come home?"

He followed her into the library. The warm, cozy room seemed to enfold him, to welcome him. He sank into a chair, burying his face in his hands.

"Kathleen, I can't help it. I don't want to leave—to run away out into the loneliness again. Do you think he will let me stay?"

"Have you any doubt?" She faced him proudly. "Then you don't know our Bob?"

"It wasn't easy, Kathleen—I was so ashamed—but it was very lonely."

"But all that is ended, Paul." Sometimes life throws the prodigal a line. In Paul's case the line was his sister, another astray under the curse of inherited temperament, whom he had found dying and hugging to her heart a child of passion.

"She died. But I made those last weeks easier for her, I think. That should count for something—do you think so, Kathleen?"

"That should count for a great deal, Paul."

"If only I could be of some use to him! I'd like to be." The humility sat strangely on Paul.

"Ah, I see you don't understand. He needs all the help all of us can give. For William Murchell is dying, and Bob must take his place."

"He has risen high. I am glad." And she saw that he was sincere. He sat up suddenly, with a despairing cry: "Kathleen, it's not possible! I can't stay. I can't help him. I can only hurt him. Don't you see, I'll be a reminder to him and to every one of what must be forgotten—that thing—his shame?"

"But you don't understand," she cried. "What others think doesn't count. He has never denied it, partly, I think, because he wouldn't shame you before the people. As for him, it wasn't his shame. He wasn't guilty."

"He wasn't guilty?"

Then to the bewildered Paul she told the story of the convention as she had had it from Haggins.

It was long before he answered. His hands and face twitched continuously. Evidently his nerves were gone. It was not easy, the thing required of him.

At last he opened his eyes. "It's the only thing to do."

She guessed what was in his mind. "He would never ask it, Paul."

"Let us call Haggins and do it. Now—tonight—while my courage lasts."

Carrying the baby, she left him alone in the library. When she returned, after many minutes, she had left the child asleep in the motherly arms of Nora.

Paul was lying in the chair in the same attitude as when she had left him, his eyes closed. He opened his eyes and looked up at her questioning.

"They are coming now," she answered. Then she added abruptly, almost sharply, "Paul, it's only fair to you to tell you that—that Bob and Mrs. Gilbert—She stopped as abruptly as she had begun.

Legal Notice.

No. 4228. In the Common Pleas Court of Highland County, Ohio.

Henry Rowe, et al., Plaintiffs, vs. John A. Hughey, et al., Defendants.

Elizabeth Hughey, the widow and Marea Gollaber a minor over 14 years of age, a daughter and heir at law of William C. Hughey, deceased, who reside at Greenfield, Arkansas, will take notice that a conditional order of revivor of the above entitled cause of action has been made by said court, that the object and prayer of said petition of said plaintiffs, and of the answer and cross-petition of said Margaret J. Resor is to quiet title in said plaintiffs to the tract of Real Estate described in said petition, situate in Madison Township, Highland County, Ohio, containing about 22 acres and 24 poles, and described in a deed of March 2, 1904, from Marea Hughey to Margaret J. Resor, and recorded in Vol. 109 page 304 of the deed records of said County, and to quiet the title in said Margaret J. Resor to in Lot No. 364 in Greenfield, Ohio.

That the object and prayer of the answer and cross-petition of said William C. Hughey is to quiet the title to all said real estate in himself and others, and for the partition thereof.

The said conditional order of revivor provides that unless said Elizabeth Hughey and Marea Gollaber shall show cause to the contrary, after having 30 days notice thereof, said cause shall be revived against them and others, in lieu of against William C. Hughey, deceased, and that unless they show cause to the contrary on or before the 25th day of September, 1912, the said action will stand revived against them.

WILSON & McBRIDE
Attorneys for Plaintiffs
and for Margaret J. Resor.

BALTIMORE & OHIO SOUTHWESTERN R.R.

Summer Jours

New York, Boston, Atlantic City, New Jersey, and New England points.

Tickets on Sale Daily—June 1st to September 30th, 1912.

Very Low Rates
30 and 60-Day Return Limits

Liberal Stopover Privileges Etc.

Picturesque and Historic Route to the East

Excellent service. For full information, sleeper reservation tickets etc. call on Samuel Griffin, ticket agent or address

H. C. STEVENSON,
Division Passenger Agt., Chillicothe, Ohio

WE WILL MAIL YOU \$1
for each of old Filler Teeth sent us. Highest prices paid for old Gold, Silver, and Watches, Broken Jewelry and Precious Stones.
MONEY SENT BY RETURN MAIL.
FILLIA, SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
Philadelphia 25-Years
800 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MARSHALL.

July 29, 1912.

B. E. Wright and wife spent Sunday with Wm. Elliott and wife.

John Hunter and wife entertained Rev. Shriver and wife Sunday.

Burch Miller and family spent Sunday with George Miller and wife.

Nelle Stethem spent Saturday night and Sunday with Aaron Kesler and wife, at Harriett.

Fenton Kesler and wife entertained M. F. Kneisley and family, Harry Wright and family, Frank Elliott and family, Hampton Kesler and wife and Mrs. Benton Kesler, Sunday.

Mary Bell spent Sunday afternoon with Grace Boyd.

Miss Ella Walker returned to her home in Columbus Friday, after an extended visit with friends here.

David McCall returned home Saturday from Athens, where he has been attending school.

Miss Arnetta Gall entertained Mary Smith and Nelle Stethem Thursday.

Mrs. Joe Steinmetz, of Columbus, spent Friday night with Mrs. Ella Burnett.

Mary Smith spent Saturday afternoon with Nelle Stethem.

Wm. Frump purchased an automobile one day last week.

Mrs. Bryl Mason and little daughter, Mora, are visiting her parents, Benton Parks and wife, at Berryville.

May Cline spent from Saturday until Wednesday with Nelle Stethem.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is a purely natural and safe. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Five Per Cent. County Bonds.

To be sold to the highest bidder or bidders.
Sealed proposals will be received at the Auditor's office, of Highland County, Ohio, until Saturday, August 17, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon for the purchase of four thousand five hundred dollars (\$4,500) of Highland County Road Improvement Bonds. Said bonds are issued in sums of four hundred fifty dollars (\$450) each. Said bonds to be dated Sept. 2, 1912 to bear interest from date at five (5) per cent, per annum, payable semi-annually on the second day of March and September each year.

The principal and interest of said bonds are payable at the office of the County Treasurer of Highland County, Ohio. Said bonds are issued by authority of section 7551 of the General Code of Ohio and the acts amendatory and supplementary thereto for the purpose of raising money necessary to meet the expense of constructing Road Improvement No. 38 in Highland County, Ohio. Said bonds are payable as follows:

One bond \$450 due March 2nd, 1913.
One bond \$450 due September 2nd, 1913.
One bond \$450 due March 2nd, 1914.
One bond \$450 due September 2nd, 1914.
One bond \$450 due March 2nd, 1915.
One bond \$450 due September 2nd, 1915.
One bond \$450 due March 2nd, 1916.
One bond \$450 due September 2nd, 1916.
One bond \$450 due March 2nd, 1917.
One bond \$450 due September 2nd, 1917.

Said bonds will be sold for cash and the bids will be received for a part or all of said bonds and bidders will be required to state the gross amount they will pay for said bonds or any part thereof. Each bid must be accompanied by certified check for \$200. None of said bonds will be sold for less than the par value thereof, and the right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.
W. A. TETER,
Auditor of Highland County, O.

To be sold to the highest bidder or bidders.
Sealed proposals will be received at the Auditor's office, of Highland County, Ohio, until Saturday, August 17, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purchase of six thousand and thirty dollars (\$6,300) of Highland County Road Improvement Bonds. Said bonds are issued in sums of four hundred fifty dollars (\$450) each, except the first one, which will be issued for one thousand three hundred forty (\$1,340.00). Said bonds are to be dated September 2, 1912, to bear interest from date at five (5) per cent, per annum, payable semi-annually on the second day of March and September each year. The principal and interest of said bonds are payable at the office of the County Treasurer of Highland County, Ohio.

Said bonds are issued by authority of Section 7551 of the General Code of Ohio and the acts amendatory and supplementary thereto, for the purpose of raising money necessary to meet the expense of constructing Road Improvement No. 38, Highland County, Ohio.

Said bonds are payable as follows:
One bond \$1340.00 due March 2, 1913.
One bond \$600.00 due Sept. 2, 1913.
One bond \$600.00 due March 2, 1914.
One bond \$600.00 due Sept. 2, 1914.
One bond \$600.00 due March 2, 1915.
One bond \$600.00 due Sept. 2, 1915.
One bond \$600.00 due March 2, 1916.
One bond \$600.00 due Sept. 2, 1916.

Said bonds will be sold for cash, and bids will be received for a part or all of said bonds and bidders will be required to state the gross amount they will pay for said bonds or any part thereof.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for \$200.

None of said bonds will be sold for less than par value thereof, and the right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.
W. A. TETER,
Auditor of Highland County, Ohio.

To be sold to the highest bidder or bidders.
Sealed proposals will be received at the Auditor's office of Highland County, Ohio, until Saturday, August 17, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purchase of six thousand and thirty dollars (\$6,300) of Highland County Road Improvement Bonds. Said bonds are issued in sums of seven hundred fifty dollars (\$750) each, except the first one, which will be issued for fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500).

Said bonds are to be dated September 2, 1912, to bear interest from date at five (5) per cent, per annum payable semi-annually on the second day of March and September of each year. The principal and interest of said bonds are payable at the office of the County Treasurer of Highland County, O.

Said bonds are issued by authority of Section 7551 of the General Code of Ohio and the acts amendatory and supplementary thereto, for the purpose of raising money necessary to meet the expense of constructing Road Improvement No. 37, Highland County, O.